

The Journal and Courier

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

THE OLDEST DAILY PAPER PUBLISHED IN CONNECTICUT.

DELIVERED BY CARRIERS IN THE CITY, 10 CENTS A WEEK, 25 CENTS A MONTH, \$1 FOR SIX MONTHS, \$6 A YEAR. THE SAME TERMS BY MAIL.

THE WEEKLY JOURNAL, Issued Thursdays, One Dollar a Year.

THE CARRINGTON PUBLISHING CO., OFFICE 400 STATE STREET.

Advertising Rates.

Situations, Wants, Rents and other small advertisements, One Cent a Word each insertion. Five cents a word for a full week (seven insertions). Display Advertisements—Per inch, one insertion, \$1.50; each subsequent insertion, 75 cents; one week, \$8.00; one month, \$25.00; one year, \$240.00.

Ordinary notices, in prose or verse, 10 cents per line. Notices of Births, Marriages, Deaths and Funerals, 50 cents each. Local notices, 15 cents per line. Yearly advertisements are limited to their own immediate business, all matter to be published, however, and their contracts do not include. Wants, To Let, For Sale, etc.

Discounts—On two inches or more, one month and over, 10 per cent.; on four inches or more, one month and over, 15 per cent.

Notice.

We cannot accept anonymous or return rejected communications. In all cases the name of the writer will be published, not for publication, but as a guarantee of faith.

San Francisco enjoys the distinction of having the oldest and best equipped microscopical society in the United States. It stands only second to the Royal Microscopical Society in London, the oldest organization of its kind in the world. Nearly twenty-five years ago the San Francisco society was organized.

British Museum authorities have no right to exclude persons from their reading rooms according to a recent London County court decision. They had undertaken to keep out one of the eccentric nuisances who plead their own cases in English courts, but the court held that the collections by statute are "free to all studious and curious persons" so long as they observe the regulations.

The Savannah News reports that the crop of oranges from the Florida region where all the trees were reported killed by last winter's freeze, will be a fairly good one, although much less than the normal, and that within a very few years Florida's orange crop will be fully as large as ever. Only from 3 to 5 per cent. of the trees in bearing have been destroyed; the remainder are slowly recovering from the effects of the cold snap.

Artificial human milk has been produced by Dr. Backhaus of Berlin. Cow's milk is collected with hygienic precautions as to cleanliness and submitted to fermentation by means of rennet. This yields a relatively rich milk serum containing albumen and milk sugar. The serum is carefully sterilized, and on the addition of cream a material is produced closely resembling human milk, which may be varied in composition according to the age or particular requirements of the infants.

The sad reports come from the principal cranberry-growing districts in the country that the crop will be one of the smallest ever harvested. It may not equal even the small yield of 1886, when only 541,000 bushels were produced. Most dismal reports come from the Jersey bogs. In Camden, Burlington, and Atlantic counties, comprising the principal cranberry districts of the State, it is estimated there will not be a fifth of the normal yield harvested. The fruit that escaped the scald, the drought, the fire-worm, and destructive forest fires was almost entirely ruined by the frosts of the early part of last month, low water caused by the drought defeating the attempt to flood the bogs.

A correspondent of the Westminster Budget tells stories of Archbishop Trench and Lord Beaconsfield illustrating their abiding friendship. Dining at home one evening the Archbishop found fault with the flavor of the soup. Next evening he dined out at a large dinner party. Forgetting for the moment that he was not in his own house but a guest, he observed across the table to Mrs. Trench: "This soup is, my dear, again a failure." A striking instance of absence of mind in the career of Lord Beaconsfield occurred on the division of the house of lords in 1880, on the second reading of the Tenants' (Ireland) Disturbance bill, a government measure which was thrown out by an immense Tory majority. Lord Beaconsfield, forgetting for the moment that he was not in power, but in opposition, on returning from the division lobby to the chamber of the house of lords, took his seat, not on the front opposition bench, but on the treasury bench.

Judge Roger C. Pryor of the New York Court of Common Pleas dealt sensibly with a divorce case the other day. A young couple who had been married only five months came before him to obtain a divorce. It was shown that they had quarreled bitterly, and that, while the husband was unreasonable and exacting, the wife revenged herself by "throwing things" clothespins "and such." And yet, in Judge Pryor's opinion, it was too early in the day to say that marriage with them was a failure. "Many a marriage with as inauspicious a dawn," he reminded them, "has proved a felicitous union." There was still hope, despite an ex-

acting temper and the too frequent clothespin. Any husband and wife would be unhappy if too much attention was paid to these little incidents. The Judge accordingly told the complaining ones "to soothe and disarm each other by gentle compliance," and not think of getting divorced yet.

A CHAT WITH A YOUNG FRIEND.

Our young friend and neighbor the Register throws the Standard dictionary, the Century dictionary and the Fair Haven correspondence of the Journal and Courier at us. And still we say we do not see how Representative Eaton could have been "presented with" a fine shotgun when it was so much better and more direct to present a fine shotgun to him. We took it for granted that those who did the presenting wanted to do it in the best way. If they didn't all right. It is none of our business.

The Register "flatters" itself on its military knowledge. It is justified in so doing, but it needn't have flattered itself had it chosen to give us a hint that it wanted to be flattered. It would have given us deep pleasure to flatter the Register on its military knowledge, especially on its knowledge of how to make a parade. And though the Register, by stress of circumstances, is now found flatterer itself it really has all the modesty that goes with the best military quality. Not long ago it published, if we remember right, an editorial headed "Wanted—Another Colonel," and in this editorial it took the ground that New Haven needed another Colonel. If this wasn't the true modesty that goes with true bravery, profound military knowledge and great prowess in arms what is?

The Register also flatters itself on its knowledge of the English language. As we could not conscientiously help it out by such flattery we are glad that we haven't been asked to do so.

The Register cordially invites Representative Eaton to visit its office and bring with him the fine shotgun which it says he has been "presented with." This is either recklessness or else there may be something to the rumor that there are no Democrats in the Register office.

Finally, we will present a valuable chunk of wisdom to our young friend and neighbor. It is much safer to be lepidopterous than megalomaniacal.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL.

We desist for a minute from the pursuit of politics, the unstoppable train and "local pride" to call a little attention to one of the most useful and least appreciated ornaments and benefits of New Haven civilization. We mean the telephone girl. We do not say telephone lady, because telephone girl is accurately descriptive and because it is better to be a telephone girl than a telephone lady, if the facts will allow it, as they will in this case.

Nobody ever sees the telephone girl, except those to whom she is not chiefly and solely the telephone girl. It is perhaps well that she is not very visible, for the charm of her exterior might militate in some degree against the charm that she, unseen, sends over the wires at the rate of 200,000 miles a second and with a force of several volts. We do not mean, of course, that the charm of her exterior is in any way inferior to her telephonic and electric charm, but where there are two charms to be considered the impressions of both are apt to be less strong and clear than the impression of either alone would be. Therefore it is well to have her out of sight, and probably it is safer. But so long as we can continue to hear her we need not pine to see her. And if we can learn the lessons she can teach us we shall do pretty well without seeing her. Chief among these lessons are Patience and Good Nature. They talk about Patience seated on a monument smiling at Grief, but when that idea was put afloat they didn't have the telephone girl seated on her stool and managing simultaneously a refractory telephone and a refractory subscriber to the same. We suppose that the patience and the good nature of the telephone girl are partly natural and partly mercenary. But in their tout ensemble, as the learned Register might say, they are fine, and it would be ungracious to inquire closely into the proportion of the component parts of the tout ensemble. Seven, eight, nine or ten hours a day of unvarying patience and good nature in the midst of thoughtless haste, arrogance, pomposity, ignorance, foolishness, irritability, injustice, flippancy and flirtatiousness make an achievement which entitles the telephone girl to be hereafter taken as a model for Patience statuary and to be the emblem of Good Nature. It also fits her to enter the marriage state with good hope of continuance therein or to stay single without becoming sour. And it makes her a glorious ensample for imitation by all who are helped and endured by her.

While the New Haven telephone girl can teach great moral lessons by her daily conversation, she can also teach the correct use of the English language. Did you ever notice how accurately she commits her words to the lightning? She doesn't say "I can't get um," or even "I can't get 'em." She says "I can't get them," fair and square. She doesn't say "Yas" or "Yuss," but "Yes." And she doesn't say it with an old

maid's precision and snap, but with a young maid's clearness and pleasing softness. It is such a pretty yes that many a man has wished he could hear it in answer to a question not strictly business. And when you ask her if she has "got um," meaning somebody who is not in a hurry to answer her call, she does not say "Notcheyet," but "Not Yet," with the "Y" and the "Y" both there and in their proper positions of delicate yet distinct separateness. We verily believe she could say "Nature" a hundred times a day if she had to and say it right every time. We don't think she would say "military" for "military" and think she was talking well, and we think she could say Boston so as to satisfy a native of the place. And the voice with which she speaks so finely! You may have noticed a bird, or a row of birds, sitting on a telephone wire. A bird friend of ours tells us that such sitting is for the purpose of hearing the melodious and melodious sounds made by the telephone girl as she speaks her pretty pieces and fills the wire with her music.

Long life and prosperity to the telephone girl! Also less work and more pay! May many love and the dear delights of home and children be hers if she wants them. If she doesn't may she find serene satisfaction in continuing to be knowledge for the ignorant, intelligence for the stupid, a buffer for the impatient and the sour, a pleasure to human beings and to birds, and a staunch upholder of the English language as she should be spoken.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

"Germania Texts," edited by A. W. Spanhoff. These texts are intended chiefly for advanced students in universities, colleges and academies. They will furnish teachers and students with the most important chapters from the greatest German writers, whose works are indispensable for a thorough study of literature, but too expensive for general introduction. They are issued monthly at the uniform price of ten cents per copy, are of convenient size, and possess the crowning qualification, clear type. The American Book Co., New York. For sale by the E. P. Judd Co.

"Her Fairy Prince," by Gertrude Warden, author of "The Haunted House at Kew," etc. An interesting story though abounding in improbabilities. The tale, though in a manner appropriate, gives no idea of the plot and plan of the story. Published in their series of Select Novels by the J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. For sale by the E. P. Judd Co.

"A Mormon Wife," by Grace Wilbur Trout. Illustrated by Capel Rowley. A tragic story, but founded upon everyday events in Utah, where, according to the author, Mormonism is not dead, but is a real and living reality. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago. For sale by the E. P. Judd Co.

"Betsey Jane on Wheels. A Tale of the Bicycle Craze," by H. E. Brown. An amusing story, rather overdrawn, and yet, to just such proportions the bicycle craze is rapidly growing. If some things written herein are prophetic, they seem to be in a fair way to being fulfilled. W. B. Conkey Co., Chicago. For sale by the E. P. Judd Co.

Elhan Allen's "Drama of the Revolution," previously noticed in the Courier, is issued in a less expensive edition, with paper covers, by the publisher, F. Tennyson Neely, Chicago and New York. For sale by the E. P. Judd Co.

FASHION NOTES.

In Fashion's Realm. All sorts of collar effects are still to be worn and even cloth gowns shown for winter street wear have piquet collars and cuffs of pronounced dimensions. A favorite design is a collar of sailor shape at the back that extends in a pair of wide tabs down either side of the front, the edge turning under the edge of the jacket and the tabs themselves lying widely over the lapels of the coat or serving as lapels. These collars are made chiefly of piquet, but



they are shown also in natural color linen and grass cloth, and are usually finished with little ruffles of lace.

An oddly contrived collar that is mostly revers is shown here and is made of the dress goods, a medium blue cloth. The fitted jacket bodice has a short ripple basque and fastens invisibly at the side, being lined with blue grosgrain. Pleated pieces of white cloth cross the revers and extend to the side seams, and white cloth furnishes the standing collar and pleated jabot. On the skirt twisted white cloth appears at the hem, and is held in place by plain cross pieces, a very novel trimming. As to the shape of skirts, it is said that the godet or ripple back is to be changed for fan-like and flat folds, but those perky little waves are too jaunty to be given up all at once and they won't be.

It is even safe to cut new cloth that way.

Jaunty velvet coats of the new type hang open in ston fashion in front only with quite a box effect of straightness. Very deep collar revers lie back over the shoulders, making the coat open over a strictly tailored waistcoat and allowing the very ornate skirt front of pleated chiffon to show above. The revers are of contrasting satin and are covered with heavy yellow lace. Hip pieces of the lace woven to shape, are set on, and the sleeves are enormous puffs that don't begin to swell till they get well from under the smooth down-slip of the revers.

INDISTINGUISHABLE.

She—So you're engaged to one of the Thomson twins? How can you distinguish the one from the other? He—I don't try.—Tid-Bits.

"Excuse me," said the fish as he dropped back into the water, "excuse me, but really I do not consider your point well taken."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

He—Higbee would have run through his fortune in a year if it hadn't been for his wife. She—How did she prevent it? He—She spent it herself.—Tid-Bits.

"I wish I were a boy again," said Mr. Dawson. "So do I," said Jack Dawson, who had just been published, to himself, "I'd put you through a course of sprouts."—Harper's Bazar.

Mother—What makes you cry that way? Johnnie—Our poor teacher has been sick so long, and—and—"What! Did he die?" "No—no—He is getting well—ho—ho—ho."—New York Journal.

Smith—I see that Jones was at that dinner the other night. What did he think of the speeches? Brown—When I saw him he was just going to read them in a morning paper.—Brooklyn Life.

His City Niece (visiting the farm)—Ooo! Uncle, there's a lot of wheelmen peddling down the road. Uncle Josh—Peddlin', eh? Waal, I'm mighty keen when feller has found somethin' useful to do.—Truth.

Yeast—I expect to see the day when the bicycle will take the place of the horse entirely. Crimmonbeak—Well, I don't. They'll never be able to make frankfurter sausages out of the bicycle. —Yonkers Statesman.

At the Wings—Maud (to low comedienne)—Say, Teddy, what did the poet mean when he wrote, "Though lost to sight to country dear"? Low Comedienne—What! Don't you know? The lines were addressed to a promiser.—Littell.

Sure of It—"There's money in stocks," said the man who is young and enthusiastic. "Yes," replied his seasoned friend, "I'm sure there is. I have been putting half my salary there for the last four years, and that's all there yet."—Washington Star.

Wickwire—That kid across the street must be a perfect fiend. Mrs. Wickwire—Why, he seems to be one of the nicest little boys I ever saw. "No use to tell me his own grandmother giving him a licking the other day."—Indianapolis Journal.

The open fields lie shivering in the breeze; Rude winter's hand at autumn's chamber door had knocked; Denuded limbs stand bare on naked trees; What wonder is it, then, the corn is shocked? —Post Express.

FEEDING GOLD TO A SHARK.

After the Monster Had Swallowed Forty-Five Thousand Dollars His Appetite was Satisfied.

(From the Buffalo Express.)

"I suppose," quoth James T. Gaullin, of Winchester, Mass., who was sitting on the hotel veranda, "that I had the honor of killing the most valuable fish that ever swam the seas. I did it single-handed, too. I aver that this fish was worth more at the time of its death than the finest sperm whale that was ever harpooned, although we should really leave whales out of the question when speaking of fish. It was thirty years ago, and I was young and foolish enough to be a deep-sea diver. My diving suit and crew had been sent to Cuba to try to recover some stuff from a Spanish boat that had foundered off the coast of Cuba, just where I don't now recollect. It was quite a long trip for us, and as the employment of a diving outfit was an expensive thing in those days, the boys knew that there must be something pretty valuable in the hold of the wreck. I was quite close to our skipper, and he told me that there were several boxes of gold coin in the wreck. On our arrival at the port near where the wreck lay in thirty feet of water the agent of the owners of the sunken schooner told us something more surprising. It was that the gold had not been stowed in boxes in the cabin, as was usual, but for some reason had been barged and placed in the hold, being binned as copper washers. This was probably a scheme to avoid any chance of the spirit of cupidity arising in the crew, for the treasure was very great.

"As the confidential man, I was selected to go down first and find the money bags, attach lines to them, and have them taken out before the other divers should proceed with the work of taking out the other freight that the water had not harmed. I was soon in the hold and was surprised to find that the bags were only a little distance from the hole in the side that had caused the schooner to founder. I had been told that there would be twelve bags, but I could lay my hand on but eleven of them. Finally I spied a torn bag lying near the hole in the hull, and on picking it up discovered that it contained a few gold coins. I decided that the heavy triple sacking had been torn open some way or other when the schooner sank. I fastened lines about the eleven bags that were intact, and had them hoisted, afterward going up for air, for our apparatus was not very good.

"In a few minutes I returned to the hold to search for the scattered coins. Very few of them were in sight. It occurred to me that they might have been washed outside the boat, judging from the position of the wreck, and the fact that the hole was far down toward the ship's bottom. I was about to crawl out of the hole, when I remembered that it might be the air pipe, so I was pulled up and let down again over the vessel's side. I was disap-

ONE BETTER MADE!



MAIL POUCH TOBACCO. No Chemicals. PUREST and BEST. Nerves Quaking. No Heart Palpitating. No Dyspeptic Aching. ANTI-NEUROST.

pointed not to find any indication of the gold near the hole in the schooner, but set to work digging resolutely in the sand. I had gone but a foot down when I struck the gold pieces all in a lump. I picked out a great handful and turned the light on them, for I was a lover of gold then, even though it did not belong to me.

"Just then I saw something that made the rubber helmet rise from my head. It was a man-eating shark. I hadn't thought of one in so long that I had neglected to bring my knife. It was rushing at me. The stupid creature never stopped to consider that with a rubber and lead dressing a diver makes a poor lunch. I was kneeling beside the gold. At the shark's onslaught I naturally bent to the handful of gold as though to use it as a weapon. He turned on his side, opening his horrible mouth. A feeling of grim humor had come over me. The cruel goldbugs had sent me down here to be devoured, after saving thousands of dollars for them. I would be a spendthrift at last. So with all my force I flung the heavy handful of coin into the yawning mouth.

"The shark must have thought it was a part of me, for he snapped his jaws over the golden morsel. I am satisfied that he broke some teeth. He swam back a little and then rushed at me again. I had no weapon but the gold, so again I flung into the hideous maw enough to buy me a home in New England. I saw him snap and swallow it. Again and again was the attack repeated, and as often did I hurt gold into the shark's throat. Pretty soon he became dizzy, as it were, for the gold had unbalanced him, settling in the forward part of his body. Then he writhed in agony, and I had to keep dodging his fury. Then, with one terrible shudder, he sank to the bottom, weighted down by the gold. I tied a line about him and then gave the signal to be pulled up. Then I helped hoist the shark. We cut him open. Gentlemen, you must take the word of an ex-diver that there was forty-five thousand dollars in his stomach. Gold had killed him."

Silence smeared itself all over the veranda. The pale moon slid behind a cloud. The amphitheatre organ slowly wove a weird chunk of melody. The chimes began to ring. "Those were great days," said Mr. Gaullin, sadly.

FULL REGULAR MADE FALL AND WINTER UNDERWEAR.

GUARANTEED Not to Shrink. 4 Pieces for Five Dollars. This is especially good value--the BEST we have ever seen for the money.

CHASE & CO., SHIRTMAKERS, New Haven House Building.

SIDEBOARDS. Largest Stock to Select From IN THE CITY. Lowest Prices. Now is the time to buy.

THE BOWDITCH FURNITURE CO., 100 to 106 Orange Street. Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

\$150,000.

County of New Haven, Connecticut, Three and One-Half Per Cent. Twenty Year Gold Bonds.

SEALED proposals for the purchase of \$150,000 New Haven County Coupon Bonds of the denomination of \$1,000 each will be received at the office of the County Commissioners of the County of New Haven, New Haven, Conn., up to ten o'clock a.m., Oct. 16th, 1895. The commissioners reserve the right to reject any or all bids. All bids should be marked "proposals for bonds," and should be accompanied by a check or cash for the sum of \$1,000, which will mature Nov. 1st, 1915. Principal and interest payable in gold coin. Will bear interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent. per annum, payable May 1st and Nov. 1st, in each year, at the office of the County Treasurer, in the County Court House, New Haven. Bonds may be registered by the County Treasurer, if desired by the holder. The County reserves the right to redeem any or all of said bonds at any time before maturity upon payment of a premium of two per cent.

The County has at present no bonded indebtedness and a net floating debt of only \$35,000, with a taxable list of over \$100,000. Copies of the Act of the General Assembly, authorizing the issue of bonds, and of the Senators and Representatives of New Haven County, directing the same, furnished upon application to the County Commissioners.

ALBERT B. DUNHAM, JACOB D. WALTER, County Commissioners.

New Haven, Ct., Sept. 1st, 1894. Messrs. Charles W. Whittlessey & Co., DEAR SIRS:

Having examined the formula for your Zahnite and Zahnite Powder, I can confidently recommend them for keeping the teeth and gums in a healthy condition. They contain nothing injurious to the teeth or the health of the user.

I have recently examined the mouth of a person who has used Zahnite for several months, and found it in excellent condition.

Yours Truly, A. M. Rice, D. D. S.

A New Departure.

The house furnishing business has been carried on in this store for the past 15 years on the principle of LONG CREDIT and HIGH PRICES.

We Have Changed All That

Have closed out the old stock and high prices and have filled our seven floors and two buildings with the best selected stock of Furniture, Carpets, Crockery, Stoves, etc., in this city, which we are selling

FOR CASH ONLY At the lowest prices on earth.

THE Home Furnishing COMPANY, Complete Home Outfitters, 755 to 763 Chapel Street.

NOTICE.

The Board of Assessors of the town of New Haven will be in session at their room, No. 4 City Hall, on Wednesday, Oct. 16th, 1895, both dates inclusive, from 9 a.m. to 12 m., and from 2 until 5 p.m., for the purpose of receiving tax lists for 1895, by law.

CHARLES A. BALDWIN, GEORGE W. NEAL, WILLIAM H. SHANNON, EDWARD F. MERRILL, OSCAR C. IVES, Assessors.

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, Oct. 12th, 1895.

Estate of GEORGE R. WHITE, late of New Haven, in said district, deceased. The Court of Probate for the district of New Haven, in said district, allowed six months from the date hereof for the creditors of said estate to exhibit their claims for settlement. Those who neglect to present their accounts, properly attested, within said time will be barred a recovery. All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to CHAS. S. WHITING, Administrator.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS. Paving—New Haven, Conn.

SEALED proposals will be received by the undersigned until 12 o'clock, Oct. 23rd, 1895, at the Selectmen's office, No. 1 City Hall, New Haven, Conn., for constructing a pavement under the Act of 1885 for the "improvement of public roads."

Information concerning plans, specifications, bonds, etc., may be had at the Selectmen's office, or at the office of the engineer, A. B. Hill, No. 32 Church street, New Haven, Conn.

No proposal will be received after the time specified and all proposals not on the blanks furnished, or not properly filled out, will be rejected. The right to reject any or all bids is reserved.

By order of the Board of Selectmen, FREDERICK L. PERHY, Clerk.

District of New Haven, ss. Probate Court, Oct. 12th, 1895. Estate of CURTIS W. HUNTINGTON, late of East Haven, in said district, assigning debtor.

The voluntary assignment of the said debtors, having been filed for record and the probate thereof, and Edward L. Easton, of said North Haven, being in said assignment nominated as trustee for said estate, therefore

ORDERED—That the 15th day of October, 1895, at 10 o'clock forenoon, be and the same is hereby assigned for a hearing on the approval of said proposed trustee, and that all persons interested therein may have notice to appear, if they see cause, and be heard thereon, this court directs that this order be published three times in a newspaper circulating in said probate district before said time assigned for said hearing.

J. W. CLEVELAND, Judge.

Undertakers. THEODORE KEILER, 162 ORANGE STREET, Telephone No. 117.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

GRAND CENTRAL SHOPPING EMPORIUM.

F. M. BROWN. D. S. GAMBLE.

F. M. BROWN & CO.

Chill Chasers

here from an ear tab to a \$200 seal skin sacque.

Wrappers and House Gowns!

All made as pretty as the picture—Eider Down Wrappers, \$1.50 to \$5. Rich Outing Flannel Bath Robes, \$4.98.



And here is the cost if you want to do your own sewing.

Soft, rich Eider Down, all colors, 25c yd.

Imitation Eider Down, very handsome, 18c yd.

Flannellettes, 10c yd.

Flannels, all the good kinds, 12 1-2c yd.

Ladies' Sweaters, \$1.98 to \$6.98.

Pretty Flannel Waists, all colors.

West Store, Second Floor, Front.

Haven't polished with Witchcloth

yet? It is the only fabric that can both clean and polish. It polishes the richest silver and brass—best brass, and 15c worth will last a long time.

F. M. Brown & Co.

HAVE YOU TIME

To run in and see Messrs. P. J. Kelly & Co. about that offer on

RANGES

Before Oct. 16th?

FREE

Pipe, Free Elbow, Free Zinc,—but you must bring this adv.

PARLOR STOVES

A specialty.

P. J. KELLY & CO., Grand Ave., Church street.

NEW Crop Teas.

Fine Oolong Tea, 35 cts per pound, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Fine Japan Tea, 35 cts per lb, 3 pounds for \$1.00.

Fine English Breakfast Tea, 35 cts per pound, 3 lbs for \$1.00.

Fine Gunpowder Tea, 35 cts lb, 3 pounds for \$1.00.

Goodwin's Tea and Coffee Store, 344 State Street, Yale National Bank Building.